Nan of Music Mountain

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

(Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

Author of "WHISPERING SMITH"

CHAPTER XXIX .- Continued.

"Listen, Henry." plended Nan, seeking shelter from the furious blast within his arm, "just for a moment, listen!"

"Not now, I tell you!" cried De Spain.

"He was coming, Henry, all the way -and he is sick-just to say it to you. Let him say it here, now,"

"Go on!" cried De Spain roughly. "Say it."

"I'm not afraid of you, De Spain!" shouted the old man, his neck bared to the flying ice. "Don't think it! You're a better man than I am, better than I ever was-don't think I don't know that. But I'm not afraid of e'er a man I faced. De Spain; they'll tell you that when I'm dead. All the trouble that ever come 'tween you and me come by an accident-come before you was born, and come through Dave Sussoon, and he's held it over me ever for my father. The cattle and sheep never did us no harm, but my brother,

De Spain ranch, working for your fa-

The words fell fast and in a fury.

They came as if they had been choked back till they strangled. "Sassoon Let's work farther to the east." took me over there. Toward night we got in sight of the ranchhouse. We cane, they drove and rode on until the saw a man down at the corral. "That's team could hardly be urged to further Jennings,' Sassoon says. I never laid eyes on him before-I never laid eyes on your father before. Both of us to the right and the left as he dared fired. Next day we heard your father was killed, and Jennings had left the he halted beside the wagon for the country. Sassoon or I, one of us, killed your father, De Spain. If it was I, I did it never knowing who he was, each other. He got down to the never meaning to touch him. I was ground with a visible effort, and in the after the man that killed my brother. singing wind told Duke his plan and Sassoon didn't care which it was, never | purpose did, then nor never. But he held it not on me. De Spain, and never was, just above the point of refuge, and the he had hoped the insensate fury of the veteran horsemen, were dashing out where the feasts had been prepared. Sassoon always shot a patched bullet, I two men, with the aid of the wind, I never shot one in my life, And I'd dumped it over sidewise, making of the barn, he lapsed into uncon- long since ceased to try to face it— sciousness. But he had been able to dragged from an obscure corner smoon.

The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the Scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of an electric measured the scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of a scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of a scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of a scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The length of a scientific American a the following simple explanation:

"The never shot one in my fire, And I u dumped it over sidewise, making of never told you this of my own self. the body a windbreak over the hollow, like a stripped vessel before a hurr. hold Scott's hand long enough to tell the guests, was made to take his place Nan said it was the whole truth from a sort of roof, around which the snow, cane, she was drifting under it. De thim he must find Nan and bring her next Lefever on the receiving line. It was Bob Scott, and he looked most until the guests, was made to take his place next Lefever on the receiving line. It was Bob Scott, and he looked most until the guests, was made to take his place next Lefever on the receiving line. It was Bob Scott, and he looked most until the guests, was made to take his place next Lefever on the receiving line. It was Bob Scott, and he looked most until the guests, was made to take his place next Lefever on the receiving line. It was Bob Scott, and he looked most until the guests, was made to take his place next Lefever on the receiving line. mine as she is yours. I nursed her. in hard waves. Within this shelter the I took care of her when there weren't men stowed Nan. The horses were hands, freezing to the pommel, no gropings through the blizzard the three die in it than you'd think she quit you.

God! give you whatever you think's coming held her close, Duke listening, to tell clung to it for a few paces more. But He spoke to her when she opened her am or ever was I know that and that together. "One thing and another ceasingly on. ought to satisfy you. Or, I'll stand have kept us from marriage vows, my trial, if you say so, and tell the Nan," said De Spain, beckening at

and that's the whole truth, so help me

steed still, swept past the little group keep us longer. Will you marry me?" the bridle, clasped his wooden arms and leggings and the big coat frozen with a sinister roar, insensible alike to its emotions and its deadly peril. the yielding form of the indomitable have but one answer to that, Henrygirl who, by the power of love, had it must always be yes!" wrung from the outlaw his reluctant story-the story of the murder that had stained with its red strands the relations of each of their lives to both the others. He felt against his heart the faint trembling of her frail body. So, when a boy, he had held in his hand a fluttering bird and felt the whirring beat of its frightened heart against his strong, cruel fingers.

A sudden aversion to more bloodshed, a sickening of vengeance, swept over him as her heart mutely beat for mercy against his heart. She had Now she waited on him. Eoth his arms wrapped round her. In the breathless embrace that drew her closer she rend her answer from him. She looked up into his eyes and waited. "There's more time what's between you and me, Duke, facing us now," said De Spain sternly, when he turned. "We've got De Spain, will see to it that what stock to get Nan out of this-even if we don't get out ourselves. Where do you Nan, your wife." benre we are?" he cried.

the lava beds, De Spain," shouted Mor-

"Then where are we?" demanded the older man rudely.

"I ought not to say, against you. But if I've got to guess, I say two miles east, Either way, we must try the saddle on the Lady once more, un- alive, by sheer will power, flickering De Spain's room, to sit where she and laughing at the parade together, for Sleepy Cat is your team all loosed the tugs once more from the sparks of consciousness, and to do so could help woo him back to life. The she relents. It is only children, after

De Spain threw the fur coat at him. "Put it on," he said. "We'll look at the wheel."

They tried together to wrench it In the end they lashed it, put Nan on Lady into the storm. the Lady, and walked behind while the team pushed into the pitiless wind. Morgan wanted to cut the wagon away and take to the horses, but De Spain said, not till they found a trail or the stage road.

So much snow had fallen that in spite of the blizzard, driving with an ening, packing, and making all effort increasingly difficult. It was well-nigh impossible to head the horses into the storm, and De Spain looked with ever more anxious eyes at Nan. After half an hour's superhuman struggle to regain a trail that should restore their bearings, they halted, and De Spain, riding up to the wagon, spoke to Morgan, who was driving: "How long is this going to last?"

"All day and all night." Nan leaned closely over to hear the curt question and answer. Neither man speke again for a moment.

"We'll have to have help," said De Spain after a pause. "Help?" echoed Morgan scornfully.

Where's help coming from?" De Spain's answer was not hurried. "One of us must go after it." Nan looked at him intently.

Duke set his hard jaw against the hurtling stream of ice that showered on the forlorn party. "I'll go for it," he snapped.

"No," returned De Spain. "Better for me to go."

"Go together," said Nan, De Spain shook his head. Duke since you come up into this country. Morgan, too, said that only one should I was a young fellow. Sussoon worked go; the other must stay. De Spain, while the storm rattled and shook at war was on, north of Medicine Bend, the two men, told why he should go The Peace river sheepmen raided our himself. "It's not claiming you are not place-your father was with them. He entitled to say who should go, Duke." he said evenly. "Nor that our men, Bay Morgan, was shot in that raid by anywhere you reack, wouldn't give you a man name of Jennings. I started the same attention they would me. out to get the man that shot him. Sas- And it isn't saying that you're not the soon trailed him to the Bar M, the old better man for the job-you've traveled the sinks longer than I have. But between you and me, Duke, it's twentyeight years against fifty. I ought to hold out a while the longer, that's all.

Quartering against the mad hurrieffort against the infuriated elements -De Spain riding at intervals as far in vain quest of a landmark. When last time he was a mass of snow and ice; horse and rider were frozen to

He had chosen on the open desert a over me to make trouble sometime hollow falling somewhat abruptly 'twixt you and me. I was a young fel- from the north, and beneath its shoullow. I thought I was revenging my der, while Morgan loosened the horses, brother. And if your father was he scooped and kicked away a mass of no other living soul to do it. She got driven down behind it, and from one longer supported him. They finally had wandered nearer Calabasas than me and herself out into this, this, of them De Spain took the collar, the morning. I'd never been caught like tugs and the whiffletrees. He stuck a the snow beside his horse. When he open desert, far south and east of the this if I'd had my way. I told her hitching strap in his pocket, and while would cry out to her his frozen lips upper lava beds, it was Scott's horse fore we'd been out an hour we'd never Morgan steaded the Lady's head, De could mumble no words. It was the that put a foot through the bottom of see the end of it. She said she'd rather Spain buckled the collar on her, fight no longer of a man against na- the overturned wagon box. The susdoubled the tugs around the whiffle- ture, but only of an indomitable soul pected mound of snow, with the buried I told her I'd go on with her and do tree, and fastened the roll at her side as she said-that's why we're here, in front of the saddle.

The ice-laden wind, as De Spain he might clearly hear. "Nothing must up a step, pulled her head down by

"Then take me, Henry," he said husband. Will you do this, Nan?"

ry, I do take you." "And I, Henry, take you, Nan, here and now for my wedded wife, for better for worse, for richer for poorer,

from this day forward, until death us do part." They sealed their pact with a silent embrace. De Spain turned to Duke, Relieved of the saddle, the Lady once town, the division, the stagemen and "You are the witness of this marriage, more started, dragging slowly behind the mountain men watched the out- little boy, Morgan de Spana, who done more than any man could do. Duke. You will see, if an accident happens, that anything, everything I human being. Less than an hour behave—some personal property—my fa- fore it had been a man. It was hardly ther's old ranch north of Medicine Bend-some little money in bank at than an insensate log. But not even ety. The crux of the battle, after the to kill a big one-one with twelve or Sleepy Cat-goes to my wife, Nan Mor- death could part it again from the three lives were held safe, centered on thirteen rings and a button-Morgan gan de Spain. Will you see to it?" "I will, And if it comes to me-you,

"I figure we're two miles north of the two men. "All that I have," she capillaries and veins sustained his a gloom fell on the community. said in turn, "the lands in the gap, everywhere around Music mountain, go De Spain shook his head in dissent, to you two equally together, or whichever survives. And if you both live,

I have in the gap goes to my niece,

sage-bury the past in my grave."

wagon's done for."

near of getting out of the lava. The strips of leather, the re-caforced fast her picture to his fainting senses; he wagon's done for."

tenings on the whiffletree, rolled all up knew he should hold to life as long declared solemnly. "You shan't take again, strapped it, and stood by the head till De Spain swung up into the saddle. He bent down once to whisper a last word of cheer to his wi into shape, but worked without avail. and, without looking back, headed the

CHAPTER XXX.

Gambling With Death.

Beyond giving his horse a safe her way from the shelter, De Spain ma little effort to guide her. He had chosen the Lady, not because she was unrelenting fury, the drifts were deep- fresher, for she was not, but because he believed she possessed of the three horses the clearest instinct to bring her through the fight for the lives that were at stake. He did not deceive himself with the idea he could do anything to help the beast find a way to succe timt instinct rested wholly in the la dy's head, not in his. He only knew that if she could not get back to help he could not. His own part in the effort was quite outside any aid to the Lady-it was no more than to reach alive whatever aid she could find, that he might direct it to where Nan and her companion would endure a few hours longer the fury of the storm.

His own struggle for life, he realized, was with the wind-the roaring wind that hurled its broadsides of fro zen snow in monstrous waves acros the maddened sky, challenging every living thing. It drove icy knives into his face and ears, paralyzed in its swift grasp his muscles and sinews. fought the stout flow of blood through his veins, and searched his very heart to still it.

Encouraging the Lady with kind words, and caressing her in her grop ing efforts as she turned head and tail from the blinding sheets of snow and ice, De Spain let her drift, hoping she might bring them through, what he confessed in his heart to be, the nar rowest of chances.

He bent low in his saddle under the unending blasts. He buffeted his legs and arms to fight off the fatal cold. He slipped more than once from his sent. and with a hand on the pommel tramped beside the horse to revive his failing circulation, there would come a time, he realized, when he could do longer climb up again, but he staved that issue off to the last possible moment of endurance, because the Lady made better time when he was on her back. When the struggle to remount had been repeated until nature could no longer by any staggering effort be made to respond to his will, until his legs were no longer a part of his benumbed being-until below his hips he had no body answerable to his commands, but only two insensible masses of lead that anchored him to the ground-he still forced the frozen feet to carry him, in a feeble, monstrou with his hands on the saddle for her

patient aid. One by one every thought, as if congealed in their brain cells, deserted his to find and bring them in. Nan came out and stood beside him more heavily. He pulled himself up half-conscious, under the rude shelter. as he worked. When he had finished this time by the stirrup strap, got his Lying where he had placed her, snugly

She looked up into his eyes, "I've around her neck, spoke to her, and, on her, that in less than an hour she promised you I would. I will promise lifting her head, the mare dragged him should see Henry de Spain alive and Within the shelter of his arm he felt every time you ask me. I never could to his feet. Clumsily and helplossly he loosened the tugs and the whiffle tree, beat his hands together with Idiotic effort, hooked the middle point slowly, "here and now for your wedded of the whiffletree into the elbow of his left arm, brought the forearm and Still looking into his eyes, she an- hand against his shoulder, and with swered without surprise or fear: "Hen- the hitching strap lashed his forearm and upper arm tightly together around the whiffletree.

more now, as the Lady plodded on,

fastened it. torturing pain abated, the rough drag-

as he could think of her. Love, stronger than denth, welled in his heart. The bitter cold and the merciless wind were kinder as he called her De Spain must lose either his arm of image from out of the storm. She his life. "No," she repeated without seemed to speak-to lift him on her hesitation and without blanching, "you arms. Ahead, distant mountains rose, white-peaked. The sun shone. He his life." rode with her through green fields, and a great peace rested on his weary

Lady Jane, pushing on and on, enightened by that instinct before which the reason of man is weak and pitiful. seeing, as it were, through the impenetrable curtain of the storm where refuge lay, herself a slow-moving crust of frozen snow, dragged to her journey's end-to the tight-shut doors of the Calabasas barn-her unconscious burden, and stood before them patiently waiting until someone should open for her. It was one of the heartbreaks of tragic day that no one ever knew just when the Lady reached the door or how long she and her unconscious master waited in the storm for admission. A startled exclamation from John Lefever, who had periodically and anxiously left the red-hot stove in the office to walk moodily to the window, brought the men tumbling over one another as he ran from his companions to throw open the outer door and pull the drooping horse into the barn.

It was the Indian, Scott, who, reading first of all the men everything in the dread story, sprang forward with a stifled exclamation, as the horse dragged in the snow-covered log, whipped a knife from his pocket, cut the incumbered arm and white hand free from the whistetree, and, carrying the stiffened body into the office, began with insane haste to cut away the clothing.

Lefever, perceiving it was De Spain thus drawn to their feet, shouted, while he tore from the blade of Scott's knife the frozen garments, the orders for the snow, the heated water, the warm blankets, the alcohol and brandy, and, stripped to his waist, chafed the marble feet. The Indian, better than a staff of doctors, used the cunning of a sorcerer to revive the spark of inanimate life not yet extinguished by the storm. A fearful interval of suspense followed the silence into which the work settled, a silence broken only by the footsteps of men running to and from the couch over which Scott, Lefever and McAlpin, halfnaked, worked in mad concert.

De Spain opened his eyes to wander from one to the other of the faces. He half rose up, struggling in a frenzy with the hands that restrained him. While his companions pleaded to quiet him, he fought them until, restored gait beside the Lady, while he dragged to its seat of reason, his mind reasserted itself, and, lying exhausted, he told them in his exquisite torture of whom or had left, and what must be done

slipped from it and he fell prostrate in any one of them dreamed. And on the against a cruel, hateful death. He herses scrambling to their feet, rose struggled to his feet only to fall again upright at the crash. Duke crouched, lips and let him cut away her shoes well

CHAPTER XXXL

At Sleepy Cat.

Nothing in nature, not even the storm itself, is so cruel as the beauty of the after calm. In the radiance of the sunshine next day De Spain, deli-He drew the tugs stiffly over the hospital at Sleepy Cat. In an adjoin-Lady's back, unloosed the cinches of ing room lay Nan, moaning reproaches the saddle, pushed it off the horse and, at those who were torturing her relucsinking into the snow behind her, tantly back to life. Day and night the struck with his free arm at her feet, doctors worked over the three. The her through the snow a still breathing come of the struggle. From as far as to aid in the fight.

consciousness for a while. Then the In a lifetime of years there can come ging shattered the bruised body less. days, a few hours, sometimes no more says the Indians used to do. She It was as if the Lady and the storm than a single moment, to show of what threatens periodically to burn the bell and I do not, remember my last mes- together were making easier for the stuff we are really made. Such a crisis up and throw the old rifles out of the slowly dying man his last trull across came that day to Nan. Already she house. But when she sees her uncle Duke Morgan tested the cinches of the desert. He still struggled to keep bad been wheeled more than once into and her husband watching the boy horse's shoulder, examined each buckle concentrated every thought on Nan. It chief surgeon, in the morning, told all, that keep the world young. "I sum is all right. We tore a wheel of the collar and every inch at the two was a polyment happiness to summen Nan of the decision. In her hospital

his arm off!"

The surgeon met her rebellion tactfully. But he told Nan, at last, that shan't take off his arm. He shan't lose

The blood surged into her cheeksbetter blood and redder than the doctors had been able to bring there-such blood as De Spain alone could call into them. Nan, with her nurse's help, dressed, joined De Spain, and talked long and earnestly. The doctors, too, laid the situation before him. When they seked him for his decision, he nodded toward Nan. "She will tell you, gentlemen, what we'll do."

And Nan did tell them what the two who had most at stake in the decision would do. Any man could have done as much as that. But Nah did more. She set herself out to save the arm and patient both, and, lest the doctors should change their tactics and move together on the arm surreptitiously, Nan stayed night and day with De Spain, until he was able to make such active use of either arm as to convince her that he and not the surgeons would soon need the most watching.

Afterward when Nan, in some doubt, asked the chaplain whether she was married or single, he obligingly offered to ratify and confirm the desert ceremony.

This affair was the occasion for an extraordinary round-up at Sleepy Cat. Two long-hostile elements—the stage and railroad men and the Calabasas-Morgan gap contingent of mountain men, for once at least, fraternized. Warrants were pigeonholed, suspicion suspended, sidearms neglected in their scabbards. The fighting men of both camps, in the presence of a ceremony that united De Spain and Nan Morgan, could not but feel a generous elatior. Each party considered that it was contributing to the festivity in the bride and groom and the very best each could boast, and no false note disturbed the harmony of the notable

Gale Morgan, having given up the fight, had left the country. Satterlee Morgan danced till all the platforms in town gave way. John Lefever attended the groom, and Duke Morgan sternly but without compunction, gave the bride. From Medicine Bend, Farrell CRESCENT TALKING MACHINE CO., Inc. Kennedy brought a notable company of De Spain's early associates for the event. It included Whispering Smith, whose visit to Sleepy Cat on this occasion was the first in years; George McCloud, who had come all the way from Omaha to join his early comrades in arms: Wickwire, who had lost none of his taciturn bluntness-and so many train dispatchers that the service on the division was crippled for the entire

A great company of self-appointed retainers gathered together from over lengths, 600-meter wave-lengths, 15,all the country, rode behind the gayly | 000-meter wave-lengths are constantly mind—save the thought that he must not freeze to death. More than once with straining teams and flanked by from the church to Jeffries' house, comfortable until he found a chance to slip unobserved back to the side of the room where the distinguished pipe, and the wave-length of the note Medicine Bend contingent, together with McAlpin, Pardaloe, Elpaso and length of the box which is resonant Bull Page, slightly unsteady but extremely serious for the grave occasion, appeared vastly uncomfortable to

The railroad has not yet been built across the sinks to Thief River. But only those who lived in Sleepy Cat in "I min't afraid of you. Do Spain. I'll she put her hand on his sleeve. He hands and arms up to the pommel, and between the horses, Scott found Nan. Its really wild stage days are entitled to call themselves early settlers, or to to you with a rifle or a gun any time, her what he meant to try to do. Each he fell at last, and could no longer rise staring eyes, picked her up in his tell stories more or less authentic anywhere-you're a better man than I knew it well might be the last moment from the ground. The storm swept un- arms, called to his companions for the about what then happened. The greatcovered wagon, and began to restore er number of the Old Guard of that The Lady, checked by the lines her, without a moment of delay, to day, as cankering peace gradually rewrapped on his arm, stopped. De life. He even promised if she would asserted itself along the sinks, turned length to Morgan to step closer that Spain lay a moment, then backed her drink the hateful draft he put to her from the stage coach to the railroad If there is such a thing as luck in fishcoach; some of them may yet be met ing and gratitude in the human heart. on the trains in the mountain country. Wherever you happen to find such a one, he will tell you of the days when Superintendent de Spain of the Western division wore a gun in the mountains and used it, when necessary, on his wife's relations.

Whether it was this stern sense or discipline or not that endeared him to the men, these old-timers are, to a man, very loyal to the young couple who united in their marriage the two rious and muttering, was taken to the hostile mountain elements. One in especial, a white-haired old man, described by the fanciful as a retired outlaw, living yet on Nan's ranch in the gap, always spends his time in town at the De Spain home, where he takes great interest in an active waits for his Uncle Duke's coming, and Medicine Bend railroad surgeons came digs into his pockets for rattles captured along the trail from recent huge De Spain cost the most acute anxi- rattlesnakes. When his uncle happens horse to which De Spain, alive, had the effort to save De Spain's arm-the uses it to scare his younger sister, one he had chosen to lose, if he must Nan. And Duke, secretly rejoicing at The fearful pain from the tortured lose one, when he strapped it to the his bravado but scolding sharply, help arm, torn at times almost from its whiffletree. The day the surgeons him adjust the old ammunition be socket, the gradual snapping of strain- agreed that if his life were to be saved dragged from the attic, and cuts fresh She looked from one to the other of ing ligaments, the constant rupture of the arm must come off at the shoulder gashes in it to make it fit the childish waist. His mother doesn't like to see her son in warilke equipment, ambushto the greater part of us but a few ing little Nan to the way Bob Scott

(THE MAD)

AN OPERATION **AVERTED**

Philadelphia, Ps.—"One year ago I was very sick and I suffered with pains



in my side and back until I nearly went crazy. I went to different doctors and they all said I had female trouble and would not get any relief until I would be operated on. I had suffered for four years before this time, but I kept getting worse the more

medicine I took. Every month since I was a young girl I had suffered with cramps in my sides at periods and was never regular. I saw your advertise-ment in the newspaper and the picture of a woman who had been saved from an operation and this picture was im-pressed on my mind. The doctor had given me only two more days to make up my mind so I sent my husband to the drug store at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and believe me, I soon noticed a change and when I had finished the third bottle I was cured and never felt better. I grant you the privilege to publish my letter and am only too glad to let other women know of my cure."—Mrs. Thos. McGon-IGAL, 3432 Hartville Street, Phila., Pa.

KIII All Flies! THEY SPREAD





WHY NOT SELL LARGE PROFITS

locality. Write for particulars. 109 Reade St., New York City

Exclusive representatives wanted in this

PATENTS Watson E. Coloman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Adylee and books free, Bates reasonable, Highest references, Bestservices. LENGTH OF WIRELESS WAVE

Naturally, It is Four Times That of the Aerial, But This Does Not Always Hold Good.

In articles of wireless telegraphy measured the Scientific American gives

"The length of an electric wave is determined by a wave-meter. The natural wave-length of an aerial is four times its linear length, just as the wave-length of a note of a closed organ pipe is four times the length of the of a tuning fork is four times the with the note. However, other considerations make it difficult to measure the wave-length by a rule, and the wave-meter gives a more correct result than can be found by measuring the length of the wire."

Something Promised.

"Of course you expect to reduce the cost of living with that little two by four garden of yours," sneered the cynical person.

"Not materially," replied the suburban optimist. "But I've given away several cans of angleworms dug up inthe course of my agricultural labors. I may have some fish for breakfast.'



If coffee was the cause change to and sleep!

lhere's a Reason